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EDITOR'S NOTE

In a time when everything I have to say seems trite and small and meaningless, I'd like to offer the Oregon Voice as a consolation for any and all who may need one. This magazine has always been an entity of solace for me. I found the mag when I was feeling especially discontent with my surroundings. This small community of artists and writers channeling feelings of otherness into a tangible package felt like an oasis from a large, often oppressive campus. For the angry, scared, upset and hurt: let the Oregon voice lend a greasy, ink-covered, well-intentioned hand. Although this issue is lacking in political commentary, let me assure you that through communal creation we stand and work against white supremacy, misogyny, racism, capitalism, bigotry and institutions of oppression. I hope you enjoy the art you're about to consume, and please feel free to contact us with any concerns, recommendations, questions or inquiries at oregonvoice@gmail.com. I have a ton o' luv for all the riot babies involved in this production and I can't wait to see how we learn and grow from here on out.

TTYL,

Emma Burke

Everything seems really hard right now but I think the only sustainable resistence to depression whether that be political or mental is acts of creativity.

TTFN,

Hallie Frost

OFFICIAL STUFF

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REVIEWS

Jordan-Schnitzer-OV-piece.odt — Edited

Times New Roman | Regular | 12 | 1.0

JSMOC OREGON VOICE EXHIBIT REVIEW
by Bobby Schenk

At the front desk I am warned that the museum is closing in 30 minutes, and my footsteps echo as I rush to see one of the featured exhibits, a collection of works by black artists in response to Ta-Nehisi Coates' book, "Between the World and Me". The gallery I find it in is disappointingly small, located next to some abstract masterworks on loan. The pieces range from a behemoth AMERICA in glowing off-white neon to an illustrated battle featuring cartoons of prominent black historical figures. My favorite piece hung directly across from the sign; a screen-print on negative paper that showed shiny, reflective faceless figures when viewed normally, with a secret image seen only by those who take the time to read the description card. Though interesting, the exhibit lacked depth due to such a small amount of works (only 9, compared to the entire wing the university has dedicated to the Football Art exhibit) and made me wonder if the University is really invested in artists of color and the civil arts movement or merely attempting to placate its students' cry for minority representation.

PREOCCUPATIONS REVIEW
by Emma Burke

My interest in the post-punk genre is closely linked to my delusion of what post-punk bands should look like. I want gaunt depravity, singers who look like they've never seen the sun. Four piece bands wearing all grey wool, black lipstick or the clothes they wear to their job in an industrial, post-war factory. Preoccupations look healthy, handsome and exceptionally normal. Their live presence is surprisingly upbeat given their song titles evoke true post-punk contempt ("Anxiety" and "Degraded") and Matt Flegel's throaty, dark lead vocals. The band is loud and aggressive live, losing some of their stagnant sadness that appealed to me on the album. Throughout an enjoyable and tight show I was consistently distracted by the presence of drummer Mike Wallace. He looks like a Von Trapp and drums as though he's summoned the childlike mania of every 7 year old who wears monster truck pajamas. The disconnect between the mood their music evokes on recordings (one fitting perfectly into the evocation of the post-punk genre as a whole) and their masculine, energetic performance caught me off guard, but losing oneself to a high energy show was a welcome surprise.

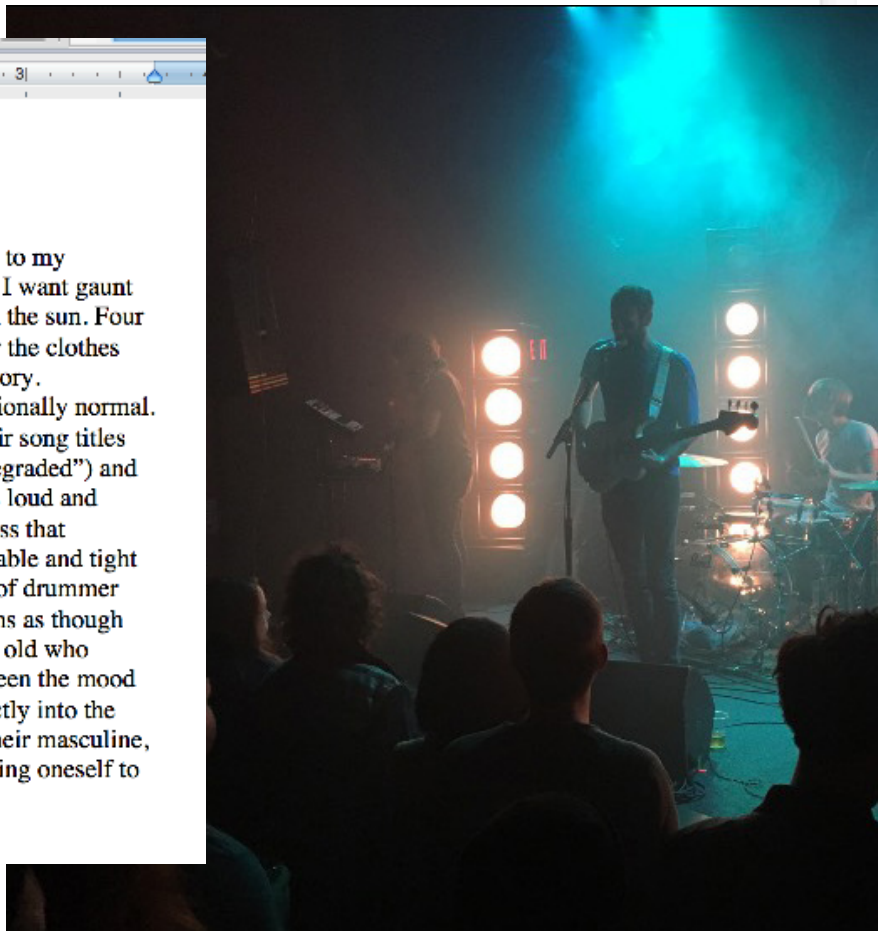


photo **HARRISON SMITH**

ANIMAL COLLECTIVE REVIEW
BY MILES SHEPARD

After making ***Merriweather Post Pavilion,*** which is arguably the most perfect sounding pop album of the twenty first century, Animal Collective's releases have admittedly had their ups and downs. The most recent records exude a harshness that does not make much sense compared to the saccharine harmonies that weaved their way into each album of the previous decade.

From the musical equivalent of placing tin foil on a frying pan as seen in ***Centipede Hz***, to the still good but very left turn of ***Painting With***, it would seem that Panda Bear and company have found themselves ingredients for their own ***Goat's Head Soup***.

At the beginning of the show I found myself wanting them to only play tracks from ***Merriweather*** or before. Halfway through the first song, "Natural Selection," I realized I was not only relishing every moment of the new material, but that the band was genuinely excited to be playing it for us. Where the "hocketing" style of harmonization largely burdened the production on ***Painting With***, the closeness of the live interplay between Avey Tare and Panda Bear's voices lifted the instrumentation to the level they must have been going for on the album.

When they showed how perfectly they rendered the complex and dense "Water Curses" for the stage, it dawned on me that ***Merriweather*** does not need to be the line in the Animal Collective sand. Their old music was never about exploring one particular theme, and their new music does not need to be perceived as jarring. They have always asked the same question, providing a different answer in each of some twenty albums, EPs, splits, and mixtapes: what can a sound do?

Untitled — Edited

The Growlers - City Club (2016)
by Zeith P. Oupfayce

Upbeat vintage guitar buzz feed rock-disco crap-soup. perfect music to listen to in the u-haul on the way to gentrify ur favorite urban neighborhood. The project sounds like it was designed and orchestrated to be as bland, hip, yet authentic as possible. the band is guilty of retaining a decadent soak of the sonic textures of current buzz bands like tame impala, unknown mortal orchestra, as well as early 2000s rock canon like the strokes. ostensibly lo-fi sounding in parts with distorted guitar bass and vocals, the production of the album is determined to sound like garage rock bedroom pop fusion of the past. yet it is highly compressed and polished at the same time. sounds like if justin biebers producer tried to make a garage rock album. it fucking sucks idk emma im really lightheaded rn i don't want to write any more it feels like im falling into the floor. i forget if i took my luvox already and i want to email lisa but i shouldnt

THE SALT IN SALT LAKE
(OR, AS BRIGHAM YOUNG WOULD CALL IT, ZION)

"I think it's a sham," Hannah says, and she pops a red grape in her mouth. "I think they're actually both gay."

Meg scrapes a chip along the edges of the hummus dish, prowling for remains. "Who are we talking about?"

"Uncle Peter and Shelley," Hannah answers, fingers busy with stems, "and how they're both gay."

"Oh," Meg nods. "Yeah."

We all watch the back of Mom's shaking head. "You girls," she sighs without turning around, "and all these theories." 'Theories,' as far as our mom is concerned, constitute wild conjecture about the possibility that anything but Pride & Prejudice is Jane Austen's best novel or that anyone who is Mormon could also be gay. She reaches for her chopping knife, tut-tutting.

"But think about it," Hannah insists: "Have you ever seen them touch each other?

Meg considers this a moment, a chip poised halfway to her mouth. "No, actually," she concedes. "Not ever."

"Or look at each other?"

Meg's mouth is full around "No."

"They kind of act like they hate each other," Hannah shrugs. "It's…sad, actually."

Meg pops the lid on the hummus, then opens it back up again. "Didn't Shelley go on a mission to Chile, too?" she remembers. "Most Mormon girls are married before then." This, at least, we know our mother can't quite argue with—she says she'd always wanted to serve a Mormon mission somewhere sunny and warm where she'd learn Spanish and pray. Instead she met my father at nineteen, married him after three months of dating, and had her first baby nine months after the wedding. When they met my father had been home three months from a two-year mission in Madrid.

"Did you see that article in The Guardian," I'm wondering, "the profile with the Mormon lesbian woman who talked about, like…"

"…Having to face her sexuality head-on when she went on her mission," nods Meg, who had forwarded me the link. "Because of the close quarters, and the isolation, and the sense of companionship."

I picture my father's old mission companion, John, the handsome dark-haired nineteen-year-old with a square face and straight, long limbs who dotted the photographs of stone arches, cobbled streets, the cathedral in Seville. He had come to dinner some years ago bald-headed and pot-bellied, almost as keen as my father to reminisce.

"Shelley does talk about her old companion, like, a lot," I admit.

"Plus both their kids are adopted," Hannah winces, "so for all we know they might never have had sex." This was a long-shot, and, in a fashion typical of Hannah's, a little unfair. Fifteen years ago our aunt and uncle found out that Shelley's womb was null and void, soon after which they began the process of adopting the child of a pregnant sixteen-year-old who had what my parents opaquely referred to as 'drug problems.' Peter and Shelley named the boy Andy, and when the same young woman became pregnant again at nineteen with a different father's daughter, they adopted her too and called her Rose. Andy is ten, has a Rolodex of issues, and once ate too much ice cream at our house and punched our dog in the ear. Rosie is seven and very shy, but she adores my father and always has. She follows him around and he plays games with her, makes her giggle, always announces that the seat next to him at dinner is saved for Rosie. He likes her. Sometimes it makes me stupidly jealous, like he loves her differently because she hasn't been impregnated by a Liberian rapper yet (Meg), or cheated on her fiancé with her best friend's boyfriend (Hannah), or sold acid to boys who used to bully her in middle school (me). How small—how bright—how blue—how blonde. A spindly-legged innocence, a little pale head that doesn't brush the ceiling from on top of my father's shoulders. He likes people before they are ugly and before they are tired, likes cherry blossoms before they are cherries, likes beginnings.

Our mother isn't finished yet— "I just don't think he's gay," she tuts, which is exactly what she said about the following people: me, Meg, her other brother Matt (whom my grandparents once sent to a teen 'pray the gay away' camp), Portia de Rossi ('But what about "Ally McBeal"?'), and Elton John (on whom she had a major crush in 1977).

"What else but a sham marriage could turn a man's hair Bruce Dern-level white before he hits forty-five?" Hannah laughs, and Meg snorts hummus onto the fruit bowl.

"Stop it," Mom snaps, and we go quiet.

She drags an eviscerated onion off the counter with a knife, shepherds it into a pot, runs the water in the sink and foists the knife into the stream. She doesn't want her brother to be gay. She doesn't want us to be gay, or anyone she really loves—it's fine for other people but confusing when it lives in your house, drinks non-alcoholic apple cider at your dinner table, has a face like your face, has a voice like your voice. Laughs like you. Official church doctrine insists that a marriage consists of a husband who provides and a wife who nurtures, little children whose arms you wrap in white, whose little ears you read psalms to, whose little mouths you teach to sing hymns. If you do all this they will grow up and marry in the temple, have many little children with big eyes and soft cheeks and clean hands. My mother was my age when she had my brother. Somebody'd just handed her the wrong dream.

"It was just a theory, anyway," Hannah mutters under her breath, shoving away the grapes, and I think of Peter, white-haired, baggy-eyed, and Shelley, droopy-skinned, frown-faced. Shelley, like my mother and my mother's mother, stays home with the kids. She cleans up Andy's messes and ties Rosie's shoes, drives them to school, listens to the Book of Mormon on tape in the car, cleans out the fridge and the sugarless cabinet. I wonder what she thinks of eight hours a day. Soccer practice, carpools, and Sunday school lesson plans. A late-bloomer wedding eighteen years ago in Salt Lake corralled in a long-sleeved white dress beneath a painting of Christ. A pretty, faceless girl with wheat-colored hair on a veranda many years ago in Santiago, turning her head to look back through the glass back door and smiling, her lips mouthing Shelley.

words **DOROTHEA MOSMAN**

art **JANE CONWAY**

EUGENE STOREFRONTS

POETRY

words **GWEN FROST**

How - To

bury me in a bed of bleached processed sugar
and fill my mouth with pink salt [himalayan pink salt]
or don't
this is what i look like when i'm pretending to love you
soaking my feet in red wine and microwaving both arms : me-time
fruit flies eating my homework
stop drinking my orange juice you bitch
your vomit is traffic cone orange
call me when you get home safe and call me
when you don't
quiet feet and a paranoid brain
I am untouchable
painfully so
when your weakness (chance) is your only strength (circumstance)
it's hard to throw away the armor (luck)
but I'm still a soldier when I am naked
I'm just less of a good one
how do these shirts fit over the fingers growing from my ribs
how do i stop smelling like an indoor swimming pool
how do you hold my hand when I weigh less than air
get away from me
here is the part where everyone is the villain and the hero
and the dragon wasn't who you thought she was
red footprints up and down the walls
nothing is more selfless than a mango
or more selfish than an altar holding five cranberries
and the weapon of a blunt force trauma
the wine poisoned my nails and they look so beautiful
but please whisper they can't know that in sickness they are lovely
just lovely
just
i'm gurgling vodka and you taste like light purple
I want to eat all of your skin but my hands feel grubby
and they leave smudges on your chest and
you're the cleanest thing i've ever seen
stop asking me if i'm okay and if it's raining
and if you should wear a coat today
you'd know if you would stop talking about your sister's lungs
and looking through a plastic bag of crayons
pulling apple slices out of my hair
set them out for the black squirrels

tired of feeling like all i do is take from this world

lucy said the doormat uses the user
and that it's complicated
I do not think it is complicated
and that maybe she wishes it was

the squirrels don't come but the apples are gone
here is the part where we were forgiven

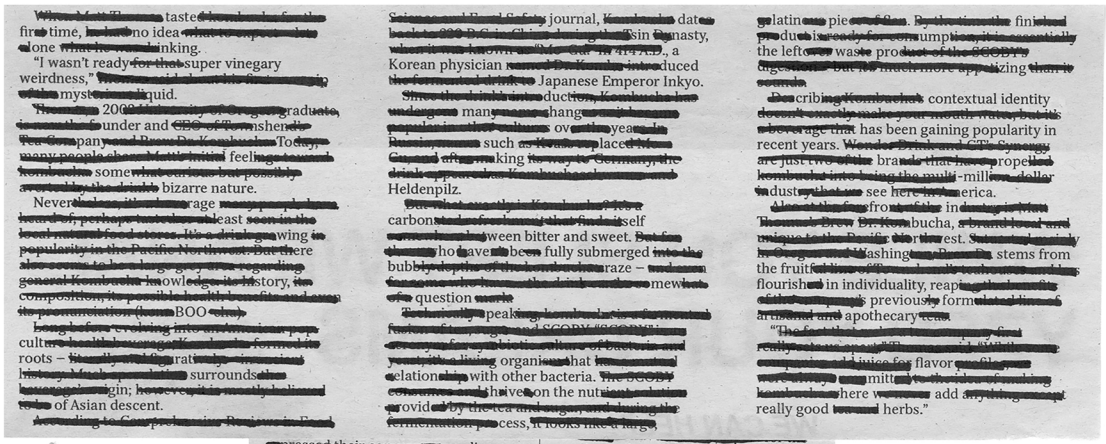
people who win the lottery commit suicide at an alarming rate
- makes me think
of meeting you

Somewhere Between the Stem and the Fruit

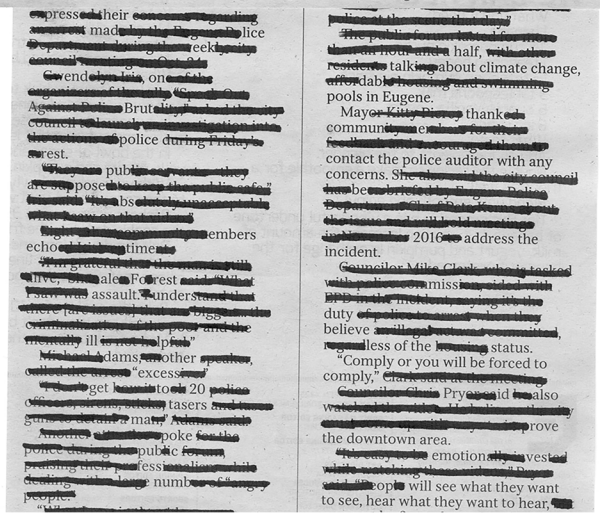
sorry i took a bite of a lemon and spit it
into your eyes
in an effort to find a less offensive fuel than crude oil
to pour in my mouth but the dirt tastes the same
when it's coughed back up
somewhere in the landfill of last night I found you buried alive
a flower in one fist
and something that won't decompose in the other
when the crows come to eat my eyes out
I want you to know that I probably fell asleep
with the window open
my prize was lying with with my palms facing the ceiling
and exhaling out every last bit of matter that my skin contained
utterly empty
sitting with wrists of paper and white paint on my tongue
trying to relate to a pain
that i've never felt
I'll never give a blowjob on my knees
because i have a problem
with idol-worship
"coffee? We had sex. don't ask me to get coffee."
your loss
[again]
don't listen when they tell you that
'different'
doesn't mean
'better'
this haircut solved at least 2 of my problems
stop leaving your skateboard at my house
Always too anxious to be good
at swing dancing you were too preoccupied wondering
if you'd done the last step wrong to focus
on getting this one right
can you define something strictly by
what it is not
I want to be like this pumpkin
on my kitchen table I want
to be fucking useless
carve out my insides scoop them out
with your fingers get me under your
nails cut a face onto my unembellished
skin light a small white candle and set it gently
in my stomach
I only scare you because you made me so
I'd rather sit rotting on your steps
than next to a thousand of the other unpicked
pleasantly crushed by a heavy blanket
our kitchen floor covered in two inches of water
my lighthouse the jar of honey by the window
proudly declining cream and sugar in a crowded diner
(not in an inside-voice)
sir please do not eat the cloth napkins we have this consolatory bread
for a reason
there is nothing romantic about this silverware the morning-after
or bottles of whiskey -
-the words are writing the poem
without your help
"regard less," "without regard," or despite something;
love doesn't have to feel like this
so
I can't remember what your face looks like
and I will continue to say that
until it is true

NEWSPAPER BLACKOUT POETRY

PATRICK DUNHAM



taste fir time
no idea
lone inking
“I wasn’t ready
super vinegary weirdness,”
myst quid
20 rad under
and she pan To feel some
bizarre nature
Never rage
east wing ere
owl story, BOO
cult roots -
rat surrounds gin;
of Asian descent.



gene resin
press their mad lice
eek
end on Brut
police rest
pub pose bs
embers echo time
ale Forest
assault under ill lp
dams other “excess”
get to 20 tasers ma
poke pubic
fess numb

latin pie fin
dui ump
the left was pro
zing crib
contextual identitiy has been gaining popularity in recent years.
bra rope mill dust
see erica.
fro in bucharest
ashing stems from the fruit
flourish in individuality, reap
previous form apothecary
flavor mitt here
add really good herbs.”

journal sin
nasty Korean physician duced Japanese Emperor Inkyo.
duct man hang
ov yea
such lace king Heldenpilz.
carbon self ween bitter and sweet.
ho ave be fully submerged
raze
mew
question
peak
organ hat
elation with other bacteria.
hive on the nut
ovid cess

half talk about climate change,
dab pools in Eugene
May thank commune
contact the police auditor with any concerns
be 2016 address the incident
miss duty
believe less of the status
“Comply or you will be forced to comply,”
Pry id
also rove the downtown area
emotion vest
op will see what they want to see,
hear what they want to hear

MARATHON MAN

One madman watches all 13 Marvel movies in a row.

The Marvel Cinematic Universe began in 2008 with *Iron Man*, the first of Marvel Studio's comic book films. The MCU currently includes the films, four seasons of Netflix-exclusive television shows, and six seasons of ABC shows. It only includes movies that Marvel Studios has produced; *X-Men*, *Spider-Man*, and *Fantastic Four* movies do not count, since they're made by either Sony Pictures or Fox Studios, bringing the full total of MCU movies to 13. I'm writing this article on the heels of 2016's *Captain America: Civil War*, but by the time it's published, *Dr. Strange*, starring Benedict Cumberbatch will be released bringing the total to 14. I decided it would be a fun idea to watch all of the Marvel Cinematic Universe major motion pictures in a row. I would do so without stopping and without sleeping. The only "break" I provided myself was a single cigarette on my porch between each movie so to get some sunlight and air. I thought this marathon might be a fun way to do an endurance test for myself while also doing something that might be a novel experience to write about. These movies total up to 27 hours and 29 minutes. I timed the marathon out so that by the time I had completed *Ant-Man*, I would have just enough to time to drive to a movie theater to catch a showing of *Civil War*.

I love these movies, so if you're looking for an all-too-common "comic book movies have oversaturated the market and have made America stupid with baseless action garbage" rant, please go read a pretentious film student's blog. These movies do something really, really cool, and something that hasn't really ever been done before. They interact, affect each other, and add to an overall plot that spans over a dozen movies. This makes these movies a shared universe, which, to my knowledge, only exists elsewhere in the films of Quentin Tarantino. But, Marvel's connections are far more overt than the unspoken familial relationship of Vincent and Victor Vega from *Pulp Fiction* and *Reservoir Dogs*; these characters reference each other, show up in each other's movies, and have massive, big-budget team up films every three years. This is often daunting to a lot of people, requiring a background knowledge before you go in to watch one of the later movies, but that's kind of why they're so cool to me. The idea of an interacting universe of works began in comic books. Characters have shared villains and massive crossover events every year, which makes the universes feel real, connected, and consequential.

Friday 2:06 PM I start with *Iron Man*, which kicked off the multi-billion dollar universe for good reason. This movie still feels fresh; it's action-packed, funny, and small scale. Most of these movies end up failing due to a "final battle" scene with hundreds of faceless enemies in a CGI-filled brawl to decide the face of the Earth, but *Iron Man* ends with a one-on-one fight scene on the streets of LA between two characters that we've grown to know and identify with. This becomes increasingly rare in the MCU as it goes on, and it shines in its kick-off film. The movie ends with questions of blame and regulation of superheroes, posing the question that would eventually come to a head in Civil War an entire 8 years and 12 movies later. In the movie's after-credits scene, Tony Stark walks into his house and is met by Samuel L. Jackson playing a character whose appearance was actually based on Jackson himself, Nick Fury. He turns around and says, "You've become part of a bigger universe." He might as well have turned to the camera and winked.

4:12 PM I start *The Incredible Hulk*, which is the one with Edward Norton, not the other one. I looked back on this movie with fond memories but upon seeing it again I've decided that it sucks. This is when the references to the larger universe begin trickling in, with references to "Stark Enterprise" and "SHIELD," but only in the background. At 4:48 PM, I'm already feeling tired, but I have a case of 16 Red Bulls that I have yet to bust open. In reflection, *Hulk* is for sure the worst of these movies, but it's also the beginning of characters crossing over into each other's movies, with Tony Stark entering in the post-credits scene inquiring about "putting a team together."

6:20 PM I begin *Iron Man 2*, which is fine. My roommate John makes me dumplings but I spill soy sauce all over my notes, which is a tough thing to process. The movie isn't one of my favorites but I love seeing new Iron Man suits and this one really gets that down. John, who has broken his leg and can't get down the stairs to his room, joins me since he's been sleeping on the living room couch for the past week.

"6:20 PM I begin Iron Man 2, which is fine. My roommate John makes me dumplings but I spill soy sauce all over my notes, which is a tough thing to process."

8:39 PM *Thor* begins. I remember this to be my least favorite of these movies besides *Thor 2*, but it's actually much, much better than I remember. It's funny, super small-scale, and Chris Hemsworth is surprisingly good as the God of Thunder. It's at this point, four movies and 6.5 hours in, that I get the urge to masturbate.

10:39 PM I start *Captain America: The First Avenger.* Cap is my favorite hero, even with all of the nationalism and campiness, but it's actually subverted in this movie. My notes for this movie include "I fucking love this shit." They begin to lay more threads that come together in *Civil War*, which is a culmination of seven movies worth of character development of Iron Man and Cap. At the end of this movie is my first poop break, and my roommate Alyson moves into the living room to sleep on the couch because she "wants to be a part of this."

12:42 AM I begin *Avengers*. I started to have some real trouble staying awake at 2:41 AM. I've been at it for over 12 hours, and I crack open my first Red Bull as Aly snores loudly in the background. This is the first major crossover event in this universe, and it really is a spectacle to see. They basically announced this movie four years earlier at the end of Iron Man, not knowing exactly how much of a mega-success the franchise would become.

3:10 AM I start *Iron Man 3* as I eat the Dough Co. calzone that I ordered earlier; steak and cheese. I hated this movie when I first saw it but it's better than I remembered. I'm three Red Bulls deep but my eyelids are very heavy.

5:26 AM I begin *Thor: The Dark World*. It's light outside now, and I hit a burst of energy that keeps me awake through one of my least favorite Marvel movies. Loki, a main villain throughout the franchise, has his hair progressively grow longer with each appearance. As his hair grows, so does the stubble on my chin. My burst of energy is short lived, and the fight to stay awake becomes more challenging. I drink three Red Bulls during this movie alone, but they don't help very much. There's still so many movies left.

7:28 AM I put on *Captain America: The Winter Soldier,* one of my favorites. My urge to masturbate is strong, but that isn't something I can do. Characters begin recurring with higher frequency than I realized. Minor characters from Iron Man 2 and Avengers make appearances. Midway through, staying awake becomes truly difficult; I doze off for what I gathered to be 10 or 20 seconds, but I don't allow this to happen again. At 8:40 AM I start to feel woozy and lightheaded.

9:45 AM I start *Guardians of the Galaxy*, my favorite movie in the series. My spirits are lifted as the movies begins and my roommates wake up. The physical toll of sitting and watching movies for what has been over 20 hours is weighing on me. If I move my head too fast, I feel like I'm going to pass out.

11:47 AM I start *Avengers: Age of Ultron*. My only notes for this movie are "I do not feel well."

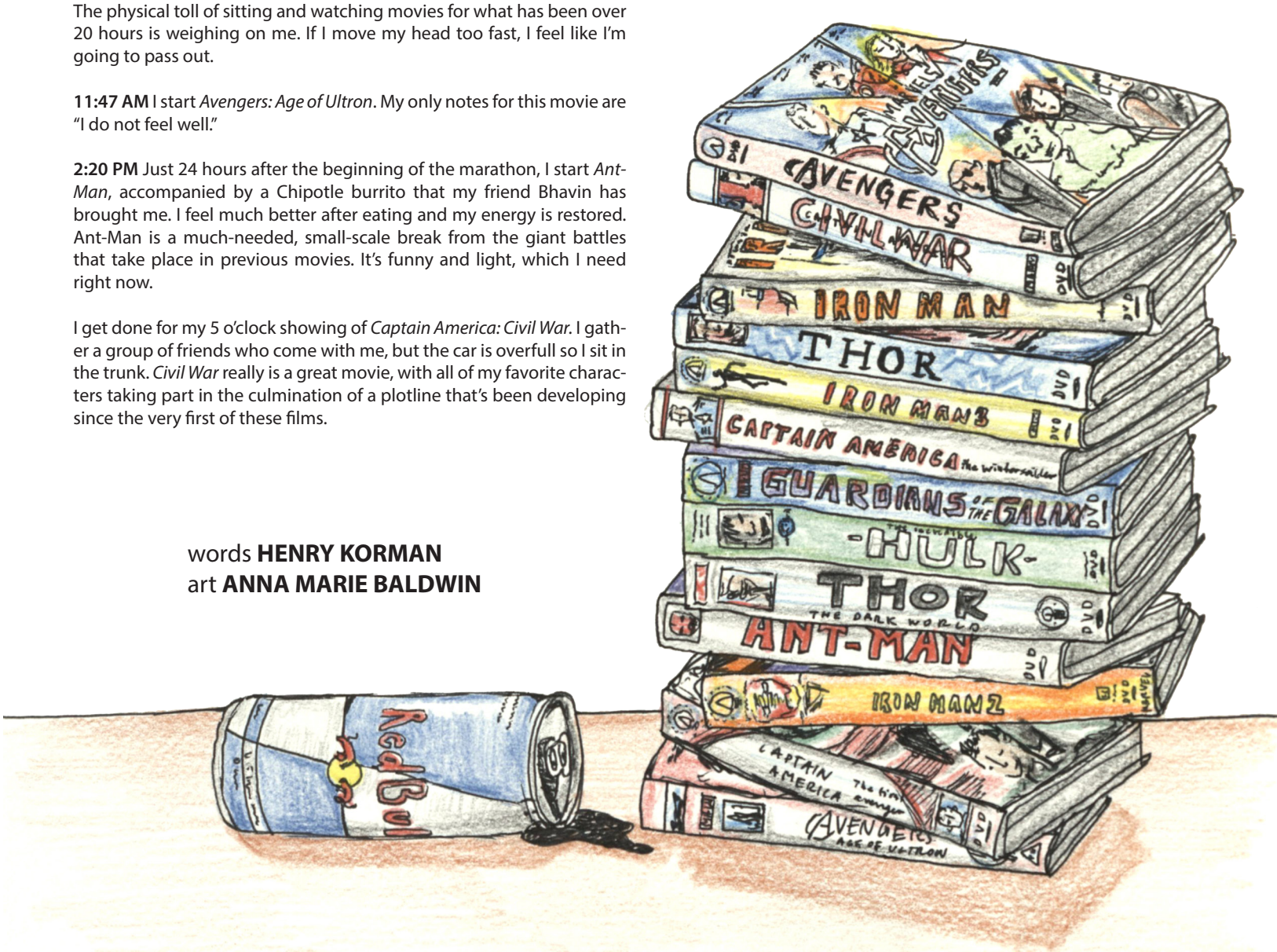
2:20 PM Just 24 hours after the beginning of the marathon, I start *Ant-Man*, accompanied by a Chipotle burrito that my friend Bhavin has brought me. I feel much better after eating and my energy is restored. Ant-Man is a much-needed, small-scale break from the giant battles that take place in previous movies. It's funny and light, which I need right now.

I get done for my 5 o'clock showing of *Captain America: Civil War.* I gather a group of friends who come with me, but the car is overfull so I sit in the trunk. *Civil War* really is a great movie, with all of my favorite characters taking part in the culmination of a plotline that's been developing since the very first of these films.

7:43 PM The movie ends 29 hours and 37 minutes after I started *Iron Man*. I sleep in the trunk of the car on the way home.

All in all, this is not something I would do again, but I can fairly confidently that probably no more than 10 other people in the world have done this, so that's something I'm glad to have under my belt. This experiment didn't lessen my fondness for these movies; if anything, it deepened my appreciation for the world-building and thematic connections that are certainly not as apparent when you watch them casually. Yes, comic book movies are a fad that is oversaturating the film industry, but this is a really cool format that copy-cats like the Justice League movies can't compete with quality-wise. I hope to see this universe grow, diversify, and stay good, because they bring a lot of fun and joy to a lot of people, and there's really no harm in that.

words **HENRY KORMAN**
art **ANNA MARIE BALDWIN**



An open letter to the degenerate who stole my pair

Yellow, worn, Old Navy flipflops snatched from underneath the locker room bench: Remember?

Yeah, they're mine.

You lack the capacity for compunction, I'm sure. You can never understand the misery you caused me or the disgust I feel on the underside of the skin on my chest, like an unflushable shit streak.

Because you, scheming cow, couldn't resist my thongs, my much awaited hot shower experience evaporated in an instant. I had to waddle onto the icy shower tiles like a mutilated penguin, body shivering with revulsion, feet curling to minimize contact with the residual filth of others or human papilloma virus.

Wha- hey! This isn't a Seinfeld episode where we laugh about the mundane and jig to a well-timed baseline!

This is *my life*.

The next time you're on your way to erase another's faith in humanity

Recall

13.7 billion years ago:

From a miniscule amount of dense matter and antimatter began the angry orgy which synthesized stars which synthesized the heavy elements which synthesize our everything! I imagine the sight was as beautiful as the colorful cosmic prints on those backpacks and Vans you so desperately want to steal next.

Eons after the Big Bang, Earth solidified. Upon the cooling of the planet's crust, all that polluting stardust organized itself into the single-celled life forms from which we have evolved. And yet, we humans, the presumed peak of evolution up till now, are only bags of. . . water! More than 50% of our bodies are H2O, whether in the form of inner-cell fluid or flowing blood.

If human brains are 73% water that means that all of our history has been one amazing display by the universal solvent: the building of the pyramids, the agricultural revolution, moon landing, the Thriller music video, billions of instances of intercourse, books, the assassination of Franz Ferdinand (not the band), the birth of Franz Ferdinand (the band)—everything!

Yet, somehow you stand at the end of this timeline, an adulterated solution that wiggles its fingers at flipflops that aren't yours and disrupts the calm of others.

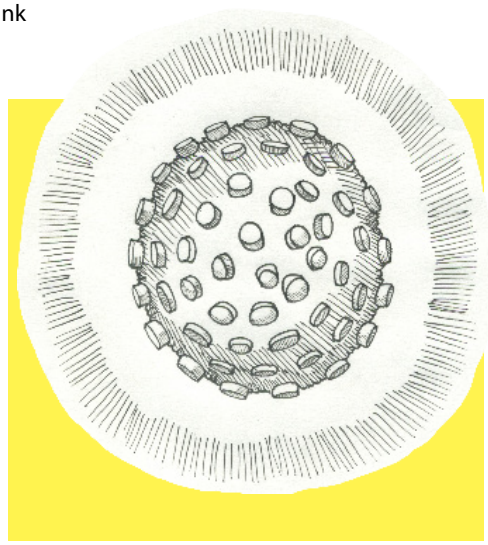
You are dirty water. I am water, agitated.

And it pains me to think

that someday,

you (miscreant!)

will dilute history.



art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**

words **ZEEYA ASPANDIAR**

References
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Top 5 Places to Cry in the New EMU

The soul crushing weight of the world combined with personal inner turmoil has made any academic effort an exhausting or seemingly futile task. 4p.m. becomes 2a.m. as you type away at your c minus paper that you had a week to do but left until the night before. You haven't even remotely finished this essay. But maybe you just don't care. You don't seem to really care about anything anymore. You may just succumb to your own apathy and fall further into this void you have created. You used to dance on tables, and laugh until tears came from your eyes. Now you have become a hollow shell of a person who is detached from the everyday joys of life. You look to this elaborate open space and picture all the intricate planning that must have been involved in the production of this building. Then your eyes gaze upon your current tabs of a Wikipedia article for Animorphs and a google search for "Rasputin's sex life". Are you going to be ok? What do you have to offer the world? Does this ugly world even deserve anything? You don't have time for these thoughts, but you do have time for a quick cry! Here are the top spots for YOU to cry in at the brand new EMU!

words **ERIN SATTERTHWAITE**
art **HALLIE FROST**

Behind the Giant O
Located by the giant yellow duck that looms over the corridors with a booming presence. Make sure to obscure yourself behind the "O" structure, don't let him see your tears.

Stairwell Past the Multicultural Center
This enclosed staircase gives you the privacy you may desire for some ugly sobbing.

Hallway past the call center
This vacant hallway provides a perfect dismal backdrop. It's desolate and seemingly endless. Maybe even scream- no one will care.

Jurassic Park Virtual Reality Arcade Game
Was there a demand for an arcade? How much of the $95 million budget went to this? Whatever. It creates the perfect enclosed space for some fetal-position crying.

Middle of the Food Court
This vast and open room provides a grotesque display of chain restaurants and mindless consumerism- just let the tears flow!

THE DICHOTOMY OF WOMEN

words **EMMA HENDERSON**

I looked in the mirror and inspected my hair. When did I get so many grey hairs? I had always loved my blonde hair, but now that I have gotten older the monthly trip to the salon just didn't seem to truly cover the grey. I touched the lines on my face and felt discouraged. How did I get so many wrinkles?

That was obvious. I had done a lot in my life and my face showed it. I thought back on everything that had happened to give me each wrinkle: the stress of working at the law firm, the anxiety of chasing kids around, and the many fights with my husband.

I was not normally this reflective. I felt certain that I was having a mid-life crisis, something I never expected. I had no reason to contemplate my life. After all, I had the perfect life.

I went to college right after high school on a full ride scholarship to a decent state school. I probably could have gone somewhere more prestigious but my boyfriend was going on a football scholarship and I did not want to leave him. Senior year we got engaged and had a traditional church wedding exactly a year later. I went to law school, had two beautiful children, and had a successful career.

Every day was exactly the same and always had been. I woke up next to my husband and I dealt with lawsuits that had all started to blend together. My kids provided some excitement in my life, but even that was starting to feel mundane.

I did not understand why I was feeling regretful when I had such an ideal life. It somehow felt like I had done everything a little too right.

art **WILL KEATING**

words **SHELBY MARTHALLER**

I never really fit in growing up. I never liked girly colors. I didn't get my first kiss until senior year. I always felt there was something off about me. My mother constantly told me, "Paisley, you're special." I didn't understand what she meant by this until my thirties.

My twenties, on the other hand, were a revolutionary time for me. I attended UC Boulder to maintain casualty focusing my studies on environmental science before I dropped out. I hated that school. Pretentious, rich kids who never had to work a day in their lives surrounded me. I spent most of my time 13 miles away in Nederland.

That beautiful mountain town was the first place I felt like I belonged. The dreadlocked men, free-spirited women and barefoot children were the first people who ever understood me. I experimented with psychedelics and attended every music festival within a 400-mile range.

I explored the Pacific Northwest in a Volkswagen Bus with 5 close friends. We traveled the states together hiking waterfalls in the nude, stopping at different kinds of arts and music festivals and meeting like-minded individuals hidden in the mountains and forests. I never regretted my decision of dropping out of college. Nothing beat my time gaining knowledge about the world through travel, change in perspective and real-world experiences.

By the time I turned thirty, I found myself on a different path than the people from my childhood. I chose the spiritual path, the gypsy-soul lifestyle, the lost wanderer journey. I was unique. I was "special", just like my mother always told me.

The mundane life of a career, marriage and children simply didn't fit me. Would I be the person I am today, if I had chosen to "do life" the way society tells women to live?

These days nearing my middle-age, I settle down in Mumbai, India. I spend my mornings teaching yoga, my days hiking through dense forests and exploring ancient cave temples and my nights reading books from my favorite philosophers.

GARY: *THE APPLEBEE'S EXTRAORDINAIRE*

Gary drank his iced tea with very little ice. Usually, two cubes floated at the top of the glass for less than a few minutes before they melted into slivers too small and transparent for the eye to see. He liked lemon in his tea, as well: exactly three slices of lemon sat on a cream-colored ceramic plate next to the glass–any more than three made the drink too sour, but tea without the proper amount of citrus squeezed into it was bland. But what is blandness to someone who eats the same thing and the same time at the same Applebee's every day?

I passed through Gary's time as an Applebee's customer when I worked there for a summer. My stomach would always churn when I saw him open those heavy double doors–Gary created a high-pressure work situation. If I didn't bring him his iced tea the second he sat down, he would look at me with a stoic glaze in his gray eyes. I couldn't stand to see disappointment flash in the gray eyes of the man who came to Applebee's every day. I thought that his life had probably been filled with enough disappointment.

One time, I sat down and pretended to be Gary. I ordered my iced tea just the way he liked it, followed by a cup of chicken tortilla soup with three packages of saltine crackers. Warmth radiated down my throat and all around my body. The world was beautiful. Gary had been right all along.

words **TAYLOR GRIGGS**

art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**

A TERRIBLE PRANK

Megan Hutton was in her basement watching *Beastly* when she received a text from her boyfriend, Joey. The text read, "This is Joey's mom. Joey didn't make it out of surgery. He will always be in our hearts."

Megan had been dating Joey for only a month. She was a freshman in high school and he was her first boyfriend. Joey had fallen on a lacrosse ball and had to go to surgery for his knee but he had been worried about the surgery.

"I don't even know if it's true, but he said he had a heart problem," Megan said. "I am not really sure what. I am not a very good listener."

She walked upstairs and showed her mom the text. They were both speechless.

"I honestly did not know what to do," Megan said. "'Should I be devastated? Do I go to the funeral?' All these thought were in my head. I didn't know what to do."

No one was answering Joey's cell phone so she decided to call his home phone. It was 10:30 at night, but she did not know what else to do. Megan was surprised when Joey answered the phone, "It was a joke. Obviously. Why didn't you see that it was a joke. Why would I die?"

Megan did not know how to react.

"I don't even think I was relieved," Megan said. "I was more angry. I don't know what I did to deserve this joke. This is a terrible prank."

words **EMMA HENDERSON**

photo **CULLEN SHARP**

Frogmen

Tuesdays meant out on the green for August and the three men he golfed with. They were not religious, but they kept this tradition as tight and holy as Sunday mass and on days like this one they swung hard as prayer.

August had met the boys overseas on demo team and tried not to think about the water too often. Jude was youngest and still went back down from time to time, said closed circuit oxygen kept his blood fresh and his wife would be complaining if he didn't. Their caddy was Theo, who didn't talk much, and had avoided the draft for being born too soon. August and the boys didn't like him after learning that. They played their game slow and sharp, carefully squaring up strokes that would split heads in the right moment. Dick listened at the wind for guillotine confidence and set the club record last season, a feat no one would forget.

It was summer now and the men prickled in the exhausting heat. This Tuesday, like any other, their wives had kissed them out the door, clubs shining and creases crisp, ushering in an afternoon of neatness and momentum. August stood on the green waiting for his partners and stared into the white sun. He liked that the sky was blue and the sun was white. He liked how it hurt to lean too far into the calm of it, that there was no safety in anything for man. His bald spot sweat beneath the cap he wore and for a second this angered him like nothing ever

had. He wanted to fling the cap to the ground and cry in frustration and discomfort, he wanted somehow for the cap to get what it deserved.

Jude and Dick and the other arrived at the green at the same time as Theo for their tee-off. The foursome began the ritual conversation of finances and sex lives that was only acceptable while golfing, though they visited these topics often in their private thoughts. Here on the green, beneath the blazing the sun, they could let conversation wander as it pleased, into territory usually left unscoured by faithful tongue.

They would start on the war: the schmeissers who had it fucking coming, the vibration of underwater demolition and how no cunt would come close to the thrum and pleasure of a perfect execution. Then of their wives, whose cunts came close enough, red lipped and stupid sweet, who the men would never lay a hand on of course; they flexed their cruelty and fingers against their game instead. In their talks of stock and trading and wives and glory, the sun worried on in its sky and August continued to sweat in his socks. Theo the caddy and the others did as well, the whole troupe braying like livestock in the uncomfortable heat.

Dick slipped on his third stroke and the boys seethed and spit against the summer. The air hung unrelenting around them, crowding them further into their careless speech. Jude let slip of his waning capital, his foreclosed house would soon pitch his family to the streets, and August betrayed an argument between his wife and him. It was about something that wasn't his fault, an errand, or some refusal to do one—August's wife had never understood him after he came home—and with no real regret he described the satisfying noise of his hand against her face.

The next noise he heard was almost the same, though from the other side it sounded flat and unexciting. August did not have time to consider the hand across his face as Dick had raised his club behind the reeling man and struck it squarely down his sweaty nape of neck. The club was shining in the summer sun, happy with its promise of absolute precision. Jude's and the other's smiled like the first as each demo boy did what he did best, swinging gleefully and landing with the resounding crack of a good drive.

On the ground now, August spit into the springy grass, the red stark against the green he had always thought so holy, and breathed ragged breaths into his cap. With blows against the neck and back, the boys had found a brutal rhythm in their game, chopping at the fleshy man at their feet. Bruises blossomed then split beneath his shirt, blood budding through the knit fabric like rotten fruit, ruining the white his wife had worked so hard for.

Jude enjoyed the way the ribs cracked much louder than he expected and the spatter of blood he shook from August's mouth with every swing. They had been deprived this in their wartime service and the boys found it quite exciting. August cried for help, a desperate squeaking call, and Dick met his open mouth with an iron face, knocking nose and teeth back into the rattling man's mouth. The whole affair took minutes, the hot day multiplying any effort on three men's part. Their clubs, slick in palms and heavy, spattered blood across their beaded brows and their sweat ran red.

Jude, Dick and the other beat away at the crying man, emptying him of noise and breathing and Theo reminded them they still had two holes left. At first, it seemed they may heed this reasonable refrain, but the three men looked up into the white sun in the blue sky and thought about the hurt of things too calm and looked down into the red blood on the green grass and thought of the perfect execution and the boys beat on and the sun beat on and August cried and cried and cried.

words **ANNALEE KNOCK**

art **ELIJAH ROTH**

A SUMMER DAY

One summer, my parents took a stand against my brother, sister and I.

"We're not buying you anything this summer! All these movie trips, ice cream runs, broken arms and stitches! Maybe summer school will teach you kids some discipline…" they yelled.

That was it. Our allowance was cut and so was the freedom. My sister and brother accepted their fate, but I had other plans. We would have to make the money for ourselves. But, due to child labor laws, there were limited legal options to fulfill this endeavor. Then the idea hit me, a lemonade stand--every child's rite of passage in this capitalistic society. I ran the idea by my siblings
"But we would need money for cups," my sister pointed out.

"And for the lemonade," my brother said.

They brought up some valid points. But, these were minor details. We could just borrow the supplies from Rite Aid! My parents always did layaway for Christmas. We could to the same.

"So we can take it and pay for it later!" I said enthusiastically

Well it turns out Rite aid doesn't have layaway, so we had to slightly modify our plan --and our morals-- but we were sure Jesus would understand that once we had the profits from our lemonade stand, we would pay it back! Probably!

We hatched our plan. My sister would grab the cups and my brother would grab the lemonade mix and I was the distraction. We assumed our positions and were ready to carry out our mission. I walked casually through the shampoo aisle before I made the dramatic fall from "accidently" tripping on my shoelaces, even knocking down cans of hairspray for dramatic effect. Once I fell to the ground I let out a loud cry, which alerted the adults in the store to come to my aid. I continued to cry until I heard the bird call from my brother that signified that the mission was complete, so I promptly stood up and walked out of the store, leaving many confused moms in the hair care aisle.

My brother proudly held up the mix, but my sister came up with nothing because "it was too much like stealing" and she "didn't want to go to hell"

Well, I was pretty sure we would never be allowed back at Riteaid, so we would just have to use the cups from our kitchen and make sure no one walked off with it.

Later that hot summer day we set up the stand and were in business.

It was wildly unsuccessful. It turns out people didn't want to drink from a cloudy glass cup knowing there could have been many other people who drank from that cup, also they didn't like the fact they had to drink lemonade while being watched by three eager children.

Our neighbor Bruce was our third costumer and the most skeptical of our dishwashing system.

"Oh… so I can't keep the cup?" Bruce inquired

"Nope, sorry sir!" I said, "We gotta re use them."

"Wait, so I have to drink it right here?"

Bruce was clearly perplexed by this system, but I was growing tiresome of repeatedly explaining this simple concept.

"Yes. It is from our house, you cannot take it. Drop it off in the dishwasher when you are done." I commanded and pointed to the bucket filled with dish soap and water.

All three of us stared him down with no patience or sympathy.

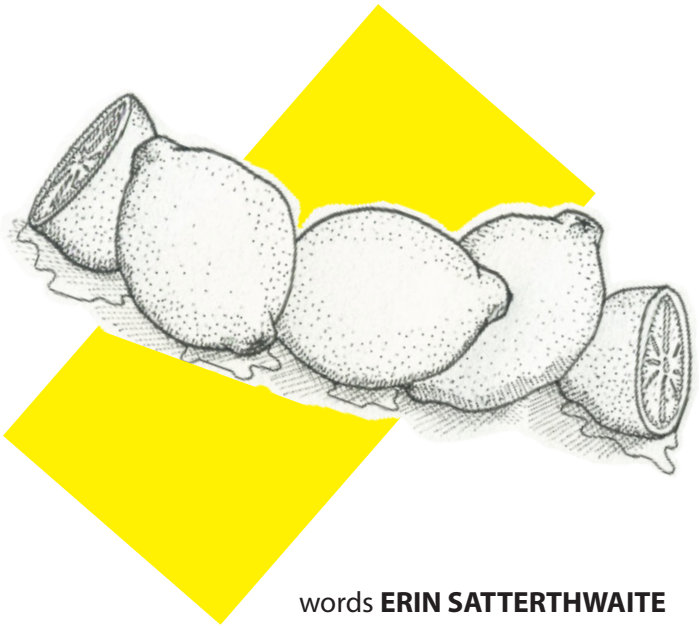
"oh, uh ok kids" Bruce stammered.

He began to uncomfortably gulp down poorly mixed lemonade. He looked at us from the corner of his eye with fear as the lemonade dripped from the corner of his mouth and streamed down to his yellow striped polo.

Our profits were small, we only made two dollars and fifty cents and that was mostly from Isaac Acosta the boy down the street who was in love my sister, we charged him $1.50 extra.
At the end of the day we felt defeated. Our summer was fleeting. The pools dried up. The birds stop singing. The cold chill of the school's air conditioner was upon us.
We told our parents of our failures, but they were genuinely impressed by our hard work.

"You've earned this the American way! Pulled yourself up by your bootstraps." Said my dad proudly as he ruffled our hair.

They said they were so proud of us (I may have left out the whole theft part), They even wanted to take us out to get Thrifty Ice Cream™ at Rite Aid, to which we immediately refused.



words **ERIN SATTERTHWAITE**
art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**

art **ELIJAH ROTH**

MY HOT ROD

THAT CAMPUS HOMIE

ross daniels

FAVORITE RESTAURANT CHAIN KFC, of course, 'cause I'm starting to look so much like the Colonel!

LEATHER OR DENIM I'm a motorcycle rider, so leather of course. Preferably enough to creak when I walk.

FUN FACT I'm in a safety training film used here at the U of O, lying in a bathtub in my underwear as I portray a heat stroke victim. Fun stuff!

In the tumultuous times of freshman year, you can find yourself displaced from everyone and everything you once knew. Even with the forced organized social events, you stand there holding your free ice cream on the Hamilton lawn wishing for a genuine connection with anyone. Ross, who sits at the LLC cash register, is ready to listen to all the little things about your day with genuine interest and a contagious smile. "They call me Ross Vegas, Rosstamon, Ross the Boss, you name it. High fives, low fives, hugs, fist bumps, and lots of smiles are part of my day." When you're miles from home Ross is here to be your cool Dad™. Like any cool dad, Ross had his share of crazy nights in college when he attended UO in the '70'-s. Like the night he accepted a stranger's invite to attend a party on Olive St. "-Music was blaring and they had the world chess championship match on TV, the one with American Bobby Fischer against Russian Boris Spassky in 1972. We were all having a great time." Though the party was abruptly stopped by the police-- "I jumped out the kitchen window along with a couple of other people and hightailed it down the street. I still smile anytime I happen to drive past that house". Since his retirement From working at the Register Guard, Ross went on to form his band "Blues Monkeys" and has done impressive voice-over work for local commercials. But no matter what wild things he's getting into, Ross always has a special place in his heart for the kids. "What I enjoy most about my relationships with students is getting to know them as the term goes on, and seeing how honest, caring, funny, appreciative and real they are. They are also so talented, mostly dedicated to doing a good job as students, and tech-savvy, (one student fixed my iPhone screen that had gone dark as he was going through my line). They are just wonderful people and they are on this journey that is so amazing". Ross has one piece of advice to all us youngins: This time at college will go by faster than you think it will. You want to be able to look back and know that you pushed yourself and left it all out there. Apply yourself to the best of your ability."

words **ERIN SATTERTHWAITE**

art **CLANCY O'CONNOR**

CHILL SPOT

shadowfox

76 w broadway
shadowfoxdesign.com

At its heart, Shadowfox in downtown Eugene is a design company, but Jason Pancoast and his co-owners Elizabeth Fraser-Paul and Taylor Jones are seeking to create a community space and hub for artists. Pancoast started Shadowfox in 2012, and has been in their current location for almost a year. I went there day after day, following Pancoast around, taking a ridiculous amount of photos and watching him lazer cut wood and create intricate layers of material that, when glued together, become a dynamic image of nature. Pancoast believes "people don't buy what you make, people buy what you do." This is why Shadowfox creates art that connects customers to the surrounding world, either through environmentally sustainable materials or found objects. They work with St. Vincent de Paul and the city of Eugene to source reclaimed wood for their projects.

Come by this inclusive and artistically electric chill spot to enjoy Perk coffee, beer and wine. Shadowfox is not a sterile and standoffish gallery; the energy is warm and welcoming, with friendly staff and Eugene's Best gallery cat, a beautiful marshmallow colored feline named Tonto. Shadowfox hosts Tuesday Talks the first Tuesday of every month, an event in which a panel discusses pressing issues in the community, Art Bar on Wednesdays, where anyone can bring art to work on in an art therapy setting, and open mic on Thursdays.

words and photo **IRIS KITTLESON**

Dear Pseudo-Intellectual Who Thinks They Are So Much Better Than You Because They Ruin Every Conversation With Existential Dread

send any queries to
ovaskmeanything@gmail.com

Dear Someone Who Pretended to Read Crime and Punishment for Two Years to Look Smart,

I am a freshman in college! I am having trouble with time management! I have classes, and homework, and friends–and don't forget boys! What should I do?

–Time Crunched in Toledo

Dear Time Crunched in Toledo,

Hey. I get it. I used to have trouble with time management as well, before I realized that out in the universe, there are gazillions of stars and maybe planets and life forms out there who don't give a shit about what you're doing. So do your homework, I guess, and if hanging out with friends is going to make you happy, that's fine too. I don't fucking know…make a schedule for yourself or something? And, dude, if you want to procreate with someone and make a kid who'll one day be so desperate that he has to ask an advice column for how to manage his time, go for it.

Dear Someone Who Claims That The Only Decent Beatles Song is "A Day in the Life",

The other day, I had a job interview that I really wanted to nail! But when I went to shake the interviewers hand, I had a sudden and horrific realization: I am a terrible hand shaker. My whole arm goes completely limp and I look like a total idiot! What should I do? This is causing my professional career to suffer!

–Hand Shaker in Hamburg

Dear Hand Shaker in Hamburg,

I had a sudden and horrific realization too, once. It was the realization that one day we're all going to decompose, and worms will crawl all over us and maybe even lick us with their tiny worm tongues. And the world will keep turning until it doesn't, and then, fuck, I don't even know. Is time linear? When will it end? Practice your handshake on a friend or something. This question is seriously not important.

Dear Pretentious Asshole Who Only Listens to Music in 7/8 Time,

I am bad at parallel parking! Every time I try to park my Honda Civic in a downtown area, bypassing pedestrians think I'm a total idiot. It's so embarrassing! Help!

–Parking Catastrophe in Palm Springs

Dear Parking Catastrophe in Palm Springs,

When I was a kid, I always dreamed about getting a car. I wanted a pretty little Ferrari or some shit, you know? Pretty quickly I realized that wasn't going to happen. So I've been taking the bus everywhere since I was ten years old. Once, I saw a guy get stabbed outside of a Greyhound station in Oklahoma City. That kind of shit, it really makes you wonder what matters. After that, I ran off to Azerbaijan for a couple years just to, I dunno, clear my head. It was fucking crazy, dude. I would attach a photo, but I didn't take any pictures. I just think it's important to live in the moment. Not that there really is a moment to live in in this crazy messed up world, right? I mean, nothing matters, right?

OVERHEARDS!

art **ANNA MARIE BALDWIN**

I got my fucking crockpot stolen so i dunno!!!?!?

I chase my shots with muscle milk

Kava tastes like sucking the toes of a witch

It's like he toppled ass over tea kettle

The trapeze people hated me just like last time

She's busy tonight performing remote reiki on donald trump

All philosophy is, is preparing you for death

Is it a breach of contract if i swipe right for my students?

Are you bringing your dad to the tailgate?

MAD RESPECT

MEASURE 97 (RIP)

FREE TAMPONS

OBITUARY WRITERS

THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

BLOOD

$7 ROTISSERIE CHICKENS

LES SCHWAB TIRES

JERSEY MIKE'S SUBS

THE APPLE STORE

"HAPPY HOUR" IS A SUPER INCONVIENENT HOUR FOR BABIES

MY EIGHT EMAIL ADDRESSES

WEB MD

TAYLOR'S BAR AND GRILL

BEING PUT ON THE SPOT

THE PRISON INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX

NO RESPECT

HOROSCOPES

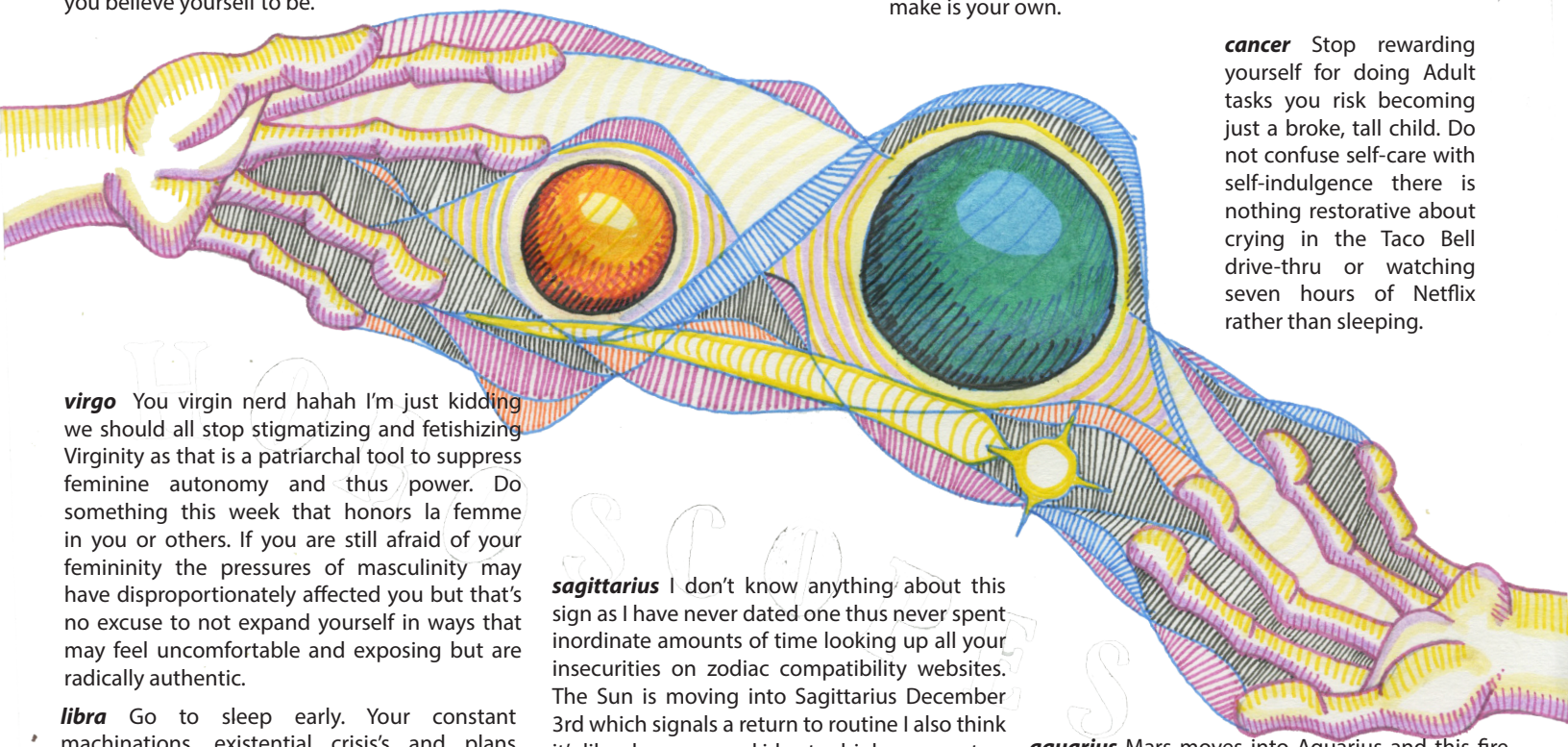
words HALLIE FROST
art CLANCY O'CONNOR

aries You may borrow forms. Accumulate vestiges and examples of what you wish your life looked like, what you want your art to express. But these are no more than coats in a closet hanging limp until you fill them. We imitate to learn that is absolutely true, but this month create with function and allow form to follow and I think this will be amazing because you are amazing.

taurus You hold her heart between your teeth like a peach pit. like a grenade. like a hand in yours on the drunk walk home. The planets move through your houses like substances in a blood stream and you always wake up the next morning fine. There's nothing I can say that you will believe because your moon sign is trash.

gemini Mercury goes into Retrograde December 19th. The gravity of this celestial body is no match for your self-fulfilling prophecies so you should be fine if you believe yourself to be.

leo You start with what you know. Your hands folded. Your skin raw. Bones arch. It's not only planets found in orbit. Move from what you know you are not. Heavy alien silent animal. In these miles of quiet, the tracks of dead gods, the way you make is your own.



cancer Stop rewarding yourself for doing Adult tasks you risk becoming just a broke, tall child. Do not confuse self-care with self-indulgence there is nothing restorative about crying in the Taco Bell drive-thru or watching seven hours of Netflix rather than sleeping.

virgo You virgin nerd hahah I'm just kidding we should all stop stigmatizing and fetishizing Virginity as that is a patriarchal tool to suppress feminine autonomy and thus power. Do something this week that honors la femme in you or others. If you are still afraid of your femininity the pressures of masculinity may have disproportionately affected you but that's no excuse to not expand yourself in ways that may feel uncomfortable and exposing but are radically authentic.

sagittarius I don't know anything about this sign as I have never dated one thus never spent inordinate amounts of time looking up all your insecurities on zodiac compatibility websites. The Sun is moving into Sagittarius December 3rd which signals a return to routine I also think it's like always a good idea to drink more water.

libra Go to sleep early. Your constant machinations, existential crisis's and plans bloom in the dark enjoying the midnight hours while robbing you of the daylight when tasks are done and the To Do lists born at 3am are divided and conquered. These next eight months Jupiter enters her Libra span. While you do not lack in intellectual self-confidence this planetary alliance will boost assurance in your actions and present you with opportunities should you be awake to greet them.

capricorn Venus moves into Capricorn and wishes to stay with these signs who seem to always be falling in and out of that emotional maelstrom. Resist that pulling as other areas of your life require your devotion as the year closes. There will always be someone for you to love but right now there is work to be done. That work will sustain you when Venus turns her face. Also let's remember Jesus wasn't a Capricorn, early Christians were just appropriating pagan holidays, Jesus was probably an Aries which makes more sense if you think about the self-appointed Messiah thing.

aquarius Mars moves into Aquarius and this fire planet loves living in the houses of the air signs. Abandon your compose and do not rationalize your feelings inspired by this heat. Act on them in your particular way. Articulate wrath. Cultivate passion. Perform misery. Enjoy survival. Don't think twice it's alright.

scorpio The Moon is uniquely yours this month Scorpio and when you engage in self-care as the changing season requires you will feel deeply secure as the Moon pulls on your need to be mothered. When water is still is reveals its depth, its sensitivity to the movement of the wind. Be still in the season of death, care for yourself as the harvest is pulled from the ground and call on your mother friends to stay awake with you under the Scorpio Moon.

pisces Chiron, the errant comet named for the oracle Centaur in Greek Mythology rules all your shit that you try to keep under wraps. Blazing and irregular, tugged and triggered by larger gravities this comet is coming in like a wrecking ball through your houses November 30th. There is nothing to secure. Restraining your deep emotional reserves Pisces may keep others from guessing your vulnerability but does not serve you in this storm. This is not an issue of packing fine china. It's who you are with when the plates hit the floor.

OREGON VOICE

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